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WILLIAM McCARTY,
Roanoke, Va.

BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea
My heart is gone far, far from me;
And ever on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free.
Oh, happy bird! were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea
Are kindly hearts and social glee;
But here for me they may not be,
My heart is gone beyond the sea.
—Thomas Love Peacock in Novel Review.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Come home at once. Urgent business."
So ran the telegram which I received at
the Crown Hotel, Manchester, from my
father, a Liverpool merchant. I had just
completed a long day's business, and had
intended to proceed to Oldham and several
other surrounding towns before returning
home. However, I made what haste I
could and reached Liverpool about 8 p. m.
I drove rapidly home, and found my father
in the dining room, pacing from one end to
the other, as was his habit when anything
troubled or perplexed him.

"I am glad to see you, lad," he exclaimed,
greeting me in his hearty, affectionate
manner. "Something has happened in the
office which has caused me the greatest
uneasiness. Soon after you went away I
drew from the bank about £700 in notes. I
placed this in the safe in my private office,
and locking it I came home. The next
day—Thursday—I opened the safe and
found, to my astonishment, that not a
penny of the money remained. I informed
the police of the affair, and it has been
placed in the hands of a man named Bingley.

He seems a shrewd fellow enough,
but so far has reported nothing to me. I
expect him there this evening. It is not
so much the loss of the money that I mind
as the fact that I must have about the
office an untrustworthy servant. Who it
is, I must confess, I have not the remotest
idea."

"But surely, father, you took the number
of the notes," I queried.

"That I did," he replied; "but here is
one of the strangest parts of the whole
affair. On referring to my pocketbook the
next day I found this slip of blank paper,"
and he held out to me a thin sheet of such
paper as I had observed him using on pre-
vious occasions for the entry of the num-
bers of bank notes.

"And who saw you deposit the money in
the safe?"

"There was no one in the room except
old Richardson and Tom Hall," he an-
swered, "and to suspect either of them
seems impossible."

"Where did you enter the numbers?"
was my next question.

"As I sat at my writing table."

"On what did you place the paper?"

"As well as I can remember, on my pocket-
book," he answered. "Stay, now I call
it to mind, there were several other pieces
of paper exactly like it lying on my desk.
After entering the numbers I doubled up
the paper and put the money into the safe."

"Leaving your pocketbook on the desk,
I presume?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then that is one step gained. The thief
took the numbers away and inserted one of
the blank sheets of paper."

A sudden pallor came over my father's
face. To accept the truth of my inference
was to believe in what he had declared im-
possible of credence.

"Who was nearest the table," was my
next query, "while you placed that money
in the safe?"

"Tom Hall stood within about three
yards of the table, and Richardson was
close to me when I locked the safe," an-
swered my father in a shaky voice. "It
looks black for Hall," he went on more
slowly. "I almost wish I had not called
in the police. I would rather lose the
money altogether than break his poor
mother's heart."

Just at this moment a stranger to me
was announced and entered the room. He
was indeed a shrewd looking fellow and
well known in his profession as a skillful
tracker of criminals.

"Any news?" asked my father when the
detective was seated.

"Yes," he answered. "I must confess it
was rather a puzzling case, but it is clear
enough now. As you placed the matter in
our hands with instructions to prosecute I
have arrested Tom Hall and he is now in
Dale street safe enough."

"You must be mistaken, Bingley," said
my father. "Hall cannot have done such
a thing. It will kill his mother."

"Unfortunately, sir," the detective re-
plied, "the evidence is only too strong; and
as to his mother—well, criminals are not
given to thinking of the feelings of their
relatives till the crime has been discov-
ered."

I begged my father to be seated, that we
might hear fully what the evidence was
upon which the detective had arrested
Hall.

"I added to the difficulty of my task that
the numbers of the notes were missing,"
the detective went on. "However, I
shadowed Hall, and Richardson was
watched by another member of the force.
On Sunday evening I met Hall with his
sweetheart, and noticed that she wore a
splendid diamond brooch which had evi-
dently been given her by Hall, as they
were talking about it, and walking behind
them I overheard every word. She was
urging him to be more careful of his
money, and he laughingly replied: 'Oh!
never mind, there's plenty more where
that came from!' Yesterday I obtained a
search warrant and found this."

He handed to my father a bankbook,
which showed that Hall had deposited
nearly £400 in one of the local banks on the
Friday preceding.

"But £400 is not the amount taken,"
ejaculated my father.

"But it is part of it," replied the detec-
tive, "and the rest may be elsewhere. When
charged with the theft, Hall seemed dum-
founded, and on receiving the usual ac-
cused, simply replied, 'I am perfectly inno-
cent.' He will be brought up tomorrow
and probably committed for trial to the
assizes."

The detective then took his leave and
my father and I remained silent, thinking
for some time. At last I said: "Will you
let me have your pocketbook, father, and
the key of your private office and safe? I
shall probably be there for some time, so
do not sit up for me."

My father complied with the request,
and in less than half an hour I was in the
office. Certainly there did not seem much
hope of Hall being innocent, but I was de-
termined to probe the matter to the very
bottom. I had known him from a lad, and
in fact in our boyhood we had been school
fellows in the Liverpool institute. Open
as the day, though somewhat reckless, he
seemed the last man to turn out a thief.

I sat down and carefully examined the pocket-
book my father had given me. I thought
the matter over on every side, and sudden-
ly an inspiration flashed across me. My

father always wrote with a good pencil,
and if he placed the thin paper upon his
pocketbook I might find traces of the num-
bers. Hastily taking from my own desk a
small microscope I carefully examined the
leaves of the book. Here was what I
sought. The numbers stood out plainly,
and I carefully copied them into my own
pocketbook. So much of the difficulty be-
ing solved, I next turned my attention to
the safe.

The question had still to be answered,
"How had the thief opened the safe?" I
obtained as good a light as I possibly could
and made a minute examination of the
safe. There seemed to be no marks of
rough usage, and it was evident that it had
not been forced open. A duplicate key
then must have been used. But as noth-
ing further seemed capable of being found
out from the safe itself, I locked it and
proceeded to examine the desks of Richard-
son and Hall, which were in an adjoining
room. In the latter I found a few loose
slips of paper—"Nightshade, 20 to 1. Ever-
ett," "Eagle's Wing, 30 to 1," etc. What
did these mean? Evidently it was con-
nected with betting. I folded them up and
put them in my pocketbook beside the
number of the notes. There seemed to be
nothing else which would throw any light
on the affair in either my father's room or
that of the two chief clerks, so I turned out
the lights and went home.

The next day Hall was brought up be-
fore the magistrates, and the evidence of
the detective having been given, he was
committed for trial to the assizes, bail be-
ing refused. He reserved his defence and
was removed to jail. I asked for and ob-
tained permission to see him. He seemed
very much cast down and troubled by the
thought of the pain his arrest must have
caused to his mother and sweetheart.

"But, Mr. Meredith," he said to me, "I
am utterly innocent of the theft. I hope
you, at any rate, will believe me. The
matter of the money standing to my credit
in the bank can be easily explained, though
I felt that I could not urge it in my de-
fence today. In fact my solicitor advised
me not to bring it forward, as at present
there is only my own unsupported evidence
for it. The assizes come on in a week, and
by then I hope further corroboration will
be available."

"I received certain information about a
fortnight ago that Nightshade, a rank out-
sider, as he was considered, stood a good
chance for the St. Leger. I know that I
was foolish for betting on the race, but
events proved that I was rightly informed.
It was my first bet, and shall be my last.
Everett, the great betting man in one of
the local clubs, offered to lay 20 to 1
against Nightshade, and I backed the horse
for twenty pounds. On Thursday last he
paid me £400, the greater part of which I
banked on the next day."

I immediately called to mind the slips
of paper in my pocket, on one of which was
"Nightshade 20 to 1. Everett." It seemed
clear to me that Hall was speaking the
truth, and I promised to do all I could to
obtain the evidence of Everett on the point,
and to supply him with a good counsel at
the trial.

The next day I was called away to Leeds
on business of importance connected with
the firm, and on returning in the evening
found myself in company with Mr. Nelson,
a Manchester merchant, well known to
me. We were alone in the compartment
and could converse freely. He had seen
the report of the robbery in the papers,
and opened a conversation on the subject.
I spoke freely to him and told him the
main facts of the case. When I had finish-
ed he said, "Is this Richardson's name
Henry?" "It is," I replied.

"Is he a native of Bury, in Lancashire?"

"I believe so, as he has property there."

"What firm did he come to you from?"
was his next question.

When I gave him the name of the firm
he sat in silence for a second or two and
then began: "Well, it is rather a serious
thing to say, but Richardson must be the
same man who as a boy was dismissed by
my father for dishonesty. He had
posted numerous business letters and kept
the money he received for stamps. At last
complaints reached us of letters arriving
without stamps and the culprit confessed.
This was not the only case of his dishon-
esty, and he was summarily discharged."

Our conversation then branched off to
other topics, but from Manchester to Liver-
pool I had much food for thought. The
fact that Richardson was standing nearest
my father when he locked the safe might
be merely a blind intended to throw sus-
picion on Hall. He would have sufficient
time to change the papers and go to my
father's side before the safe was locked.
It evidently needed investigation.

On the following morning I made my
way to Bingley's private office, and I asked
to see the man who had watched Richard-
son.

"Why, what do you want with him?"
said Bingley. "Do you suppose that it was
a put up job between Hall and him?"

"I do not," I replied. "But I am rather
inclined to think that Hall may be en-
tirely innocent and Richardson the sole
culprit." And then I told him what had
come to my knowledge, both with regard
to Hall's betting and Richardson's shady
past.

He merely raised his eyebrows, and then
after pondering over the matter for a few
seconds said, "Well, you may be right,
and I will do what I can to find out the
truth."

By this time Rawlins, Bingley's assistant
in the business, had put in his appear-
ance. The only fact of importance we
gleaned from him was that Richardson
had been to Bury on the Saturday. Dis-
covering that the latter had property in
the town he had attached little importance
to the visit, especially as both he and Bingley
had all along regarded Hall as the
probable culprit. I fancied I could detect
a shade of annoyance on Bingley's face,
perhaps caused by the fact that he had
possibly arrested the wrong man, and per-
haps a little piqued that he had to thank
me for the information, though I had
gained most of it accidentally.

Two or three days passed, when one
evening as I sat with my father in the din-
ing room Bingley was ushered in. He
had prosecuted his inquiries about Rich-
ardson to some purpose. It seems that he
had visited Bury to pay off a mortgage on
his property which had become pressing,
and the mortgagee had retained the num-
bers of the notes he had received. These
exactly corresponded with what I had
discovered from my father's pocketbook
and clearly indicated the real thief.

Tom Hall was discharged from custody
soon after, but I believe he kept the
promise he made me about betting, and is
still in my father's office in his old post.

He was married soon after his release, and
has one of the prettiest and happiest
homes in Liverpool. Richardson was con-
victed on overwhelming evidence, and is
now being provided for out of the imperial
taxation.

The money was recovered, but my
father's forgiving nature would not allow
him to see the family of even a dishonest
servant in want, and he assisted the Rich-
ardsons largely as long as they needed it.
—Max Meredith in Pittsburg Dispatch.

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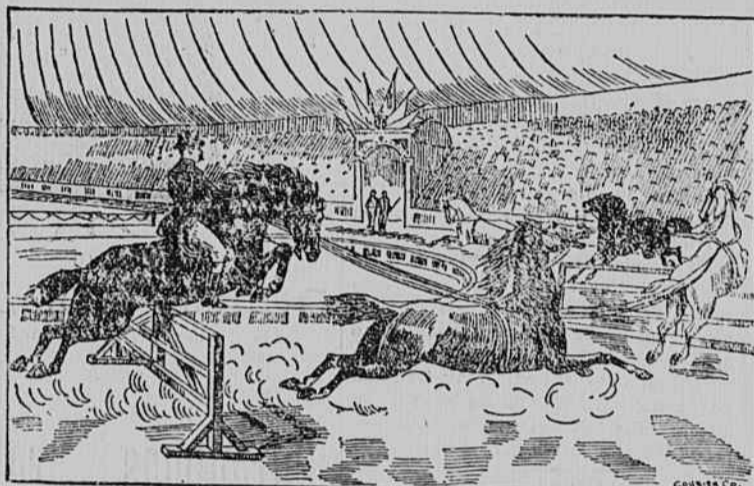
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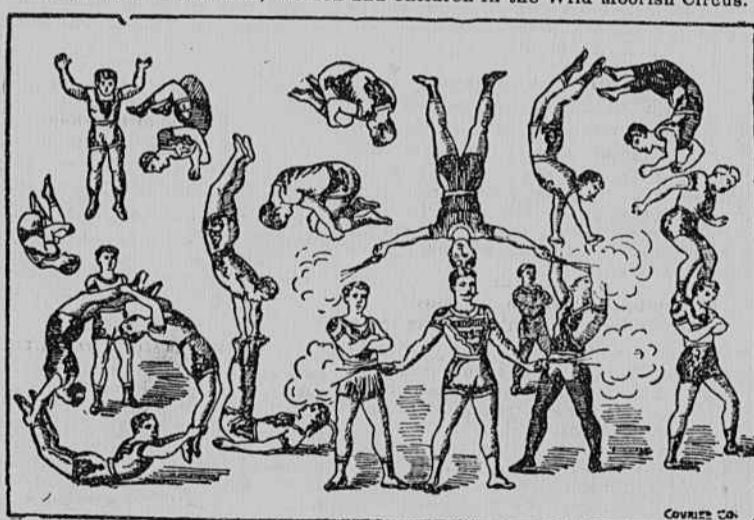
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Slave Market, Sports, Dances and Deeds of Skill and Daring. It the por-
trayal of the multifarious characters in the spectacle there are employed
1,000 men, women and children.

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